

New Anteroom

-We got ten Crays running 24-7. Before we break for the weekend, we always assign Heaven or Hell.

-Purgatory?

-That's PR.

-Then I've been chosen by a random program?

-That's the short of it. The shorter is it's Hell for you.

-God! And nothing to do with how I lived? Extent of my sins? Can't accept that! I must be allowed to present my case! Please! Seems to me I'm minor league, compared to some I've known.

-That could be true, but finding the genuine scum would take too large a program. So, we went random. Hey even the lowest pedophile murderer pours his buddy a coffee. God tends to exaggerate that latter behavior, so we had to take him out of the equation too.

-But it's not fair!

-Naive there, naive here. Excuse me! Those with red hands line up under the Hell sign!..and that means you, I'm afraid. Join your new friends.

-Is there a procedure for last-minute appeals? Must be!

-Hurry it up!--not as bad to go in around this time. They're banking the fires for the evening.

-Do all of you know how we got here? It's a chance thing and totally obscene!

-No more talking! We don't want chaos! God has given all of you the belly pack now being distributed. But carry it in your hand. Heat will melt the buckle. Also, better eat the Hershey Kisses. And put all paper in the trash cans! We don't want it to start looking like hell.